

SCHOOL FOR HOUSEWIVES

By Marion Harland

Housewife's Exchange

SEVERAL members of the Exchange have proved their right to belong to it by sending directions for knitting bedside slippers. I hope the two given below are in season to be of use to the person asking for them:

Being a constant reader of your page I notice that you desire some one to forward directions to you teaching a quonist how to make bedroom slippers. My directions can benefit her I would be delighted. First, begin with seven stitches, then in the middle stitch of every row make three instead of one; this makes the rows always larger and gives a perfect shape to the slipper. Enclosed you will find a small sample which may lighten your difficulty. As you notice, the sample is made of Saxony wool, whereas Germantown wool is far better. Also I begin the slipper at the toe instead of the heel. Close the front and you can behold its perfect shape.

TESSIE.

I am holding the "small sample" for the original querist. Will she send for it?

NO. 2 SAYS—

Enclosed please find directions for making bedroom slippers by request of "A Reader."

Chain 25. Make single crochet in each chain stitch except the centre, which should have two stitches. Make fifty-six rows, which makes the front; next row, drop the centre stitches, and crochet twenty-seven stitches on each side for back. Make fifty-six rows of each. Join in the back and in front at the toe.

Make two rows of holes around the top—1 double crochet, chain 2, 1 double crochet in 3d stitch, and so one to end of row. Make second row by putting double crochet in that of preceding row.

Ruche border. Chain 7. Wind wool around finger four times, and make single crochet in first chain. Continue to end of row. Next row all double crochet, third row same as first. Continue until ruche is long enough to go around. Join and sew on, run ribbon elastic through holes beneath ruche to make ruche slipper fit snugly over the ankle.

F. A. M.

WHEN I was South last winter I had the pleasure of partaking of several real Southern dishes. The one given below was always hailed with delight by the merry group gathered around our table for the evening meal. The old colored "auntie" who queneed it over the kitchen was besought to give it to us once every week at least, and as much oftener as she would make it. Her protest, "It do take lots of butter, honey, to make it go good! It do, for suah!" was very true.

E. M. E.

The directions for making "spoon bread," which will be found in the recipe column, remind one of what we used to call in Virginia "batter bread." But we cut that with a sharp knife held perpendicularly, and used boiled rice instead of small hominy. Both are delicious when made of Southern cornmeal.

IN YOUR "School for Housewives" I see some one asks how to keep a white linen dress in good condition during the winter. One way is given—I will give another that some of the readers may find of use. It is an old-fashioned method. Either use very blue tissue paper to wrap up the garments, or make muslin very blue; dip in blue water made much deeper than needed for weekly washing. Old, thin muslin is just the thing, as the large pieces of gowns, skirts, etc., make large wrapping cloths. This is all that is needed—well-blued and dried—then roll up your dainty white goods, and next year, or many years ahead, the same dainty pure color is there. A few turns of the iron, and there you are!

Packed away in ordinary white tissue paper or cloth, they gradually take on a creamy tone that is often desirable and very beautiful.

Another help given me years ago by a Chinaman to keep clothes free from moths: Take several packs of common firecrackers—break into small bits and scatter in trunks and boxes.

I give these, thinking they may serve others, as they have me, and in return for helps I have received from your interesting department.

MRS. L.

This interesting letter comes from California. In our school, the East and West meet together, members from all sections "lending a hand," and earning through mutual helpfulness the blessed truth that the whole world is growing, year by year, into kinship. When every human creature shall love his neighbor as himself, we shall have the Millennium.

WILL you let me know through your paper how to make cranberry jelly? I have tried several times, but was unable to turn it out of the mould. Will you also give me a recipe for plum pudding?

MRS. J. C.

A recipe for cranberry jelly appears to-day in its proper place. That for plum pudding was given two weeks ago. I hope you saw it.

I DO LOVE to read the Housewife's Exchange! You help so many that I hope you will be able to help me, too. I am very stout (23 years), and I long to get thin. I don't take a bit of exercise, eat everything, am fond of sweets. I know I shouldn't eat them if I want to get thin. After reading your "Corner" to-day I got up immediately and took some exercise. I am worn out! I think I am lazy! I want to get thin, but don't want much work. Will Turkish baths reduce me, and is it proper for a woman to take them? If so, can you tell me of one?

I have always been stout, but am getting immense since my marriage, three years ago. I have a fine baby boy, two years old. Everyone says he is "big and fat, just like his mamma." I hope I haven't tired you with my troubles, but I do want to get thin. Please try and help me!

MRS. M. G. C.

Turkish baths are altogether "proper" and desirable for you. They are often recommended for obesity. It is not sufficient to take exercise for one day, or for twenty days. Of course, you are "tired" after the unwonted exertion! Your weight of flesh is, in itself, a burden, wearying the muscles and shortening the breath. I am not an alarmist, but you are in danger of more serious evils than temporary inconvenience. Excess of adipose tissue (superfluous flesh) is an absolute curse to the one who is laden with it. You will become not only a weariness to yourself, but your usefulness to others will be impaired. An apoplectic habit is a continual threat to the life of the afflicted creature whose manner of living has invited it.

You should not touch sweets, or butter, or cream, potatoes or other starchy foods, and should not eat fat meats. Make out a suitable dietary and stick to it. Walk every day, no matter how much it tires you. You would do well to learn some system of gymnastic exercises and persevere in them until you have command of your body—whether you lose flesh or not. If you wish, I will give you the name of a system that has accomplished much good in other cases similar to yours. Avoid quack medicines, warranted to make you lose flesh rapidly. More than one credulous unfortunate has dropped the load of flesh for all time as the result of taking anti-fat nostrums.

WILL you kindly inform me what to do to invigorate the growth of my palm, which seems at a standstill, and the tips of the leaves are turning yellow? It is kept in a warm place.

2. What will keep moths out of a bearskin rug?

R. B. M.

1. Is not your palm kept in a furnace or stove-heated room? And do you burn gas? Either one of these causes would check growth and induce sickness in the plant. Change the earth in the pot and do not water too profusely.

2. Beat all the dust out before putting it away, and sift crushed camphor balls down into the roots of the fur. Then pin newspapers about it before sewing up in coarse cloth.

American Girl—No. 4



This is the Fourth of a Series of Ten American Girls Drawn by the Famous Artist Malcolm Strauss. One Will be Printed on This Page Each Week Until the Series is Ended

A FEW FAVORITE RECIPES

SPOON BREAD.

THIS recipe is contributed by "E. M. E.": Four eggs beaten separately; 1 cup cooked hominy grits, 4 tablespoonfuls of cornmeal, 1 pint of milk, 1 teaspoonful of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, 1 tablespoonful of butter. Bake in a pan until thoroughly done—about half an hour, sometimes longer. Cut out with a spoon. Eat hot, with plenty of butter and maple syrup.

CRANBERRY JELLY. (By Request.)

PICK over and wash a quart of cranberries. Drain off the water and put the wet berries in the inner vessel of a double boiler, filling the outer with lukewarm water. Cover closely. Bring to a boil, and keep this up until the berries are broken to pieces and scalding hot. Strain and press in a cheesecloth bag into a clean saucepan, and heat to boiling very quickly. Add a cupful of sugar that has been heated in the oven, take from the fire as soon as the sugar is melted, and when almost cold turn into a mould wet with cold water.

IMITATION EAST INDIAN PRESERVES. (An Old Family Recipe.)

TWO quarts of apples, one ounce of green ginger root that has been soaked all night, then boiled slowly for one hour, and cut into tiny bits; two even cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of cold water. Pare the apples, cut into neat dice less than half an inch square, and throw into cold water to preserve their color. Put the sugar and water into a preserving kettle, and when it boils add the ginger and simmer half an hour. Drain the apples out of the water, throw into boiling syrup and boil until tender and transparent, but not broken much. Pour into small jars and seal hot.

Pears are very nice preserved in the same way.

QUICK MOCK TURTLE SOUP.

LET me preface this and other recipes for "made-up" canned soups by a qualifying word. With the editorial dread of a "reading advertisement" in my mind, I am not likely to write here so much as a hint with regard to the style and habitation of the firm which has put soups into the market that leave that housewife without excuse who seldom begins her family dinner with what she considers a "fussy" first course. There may be others as excellent. I speak of those whereof I KNOW.

Yet, a quart can of soup, although strong and savory, does not go far in a family. Expediency has taught me that this may be "doctored" profitably and satisfactorily.

Add four hard-boiled eggs, cut into eighths, a glass of claret (or whatever substitute you use, if you object to wine), the juice of a lemon, or a lemon peeled, then sliced thin (this last to be laid on the surface after the soup is done), a teaspoonful of boiling water and such additional salt and pepper as your taste adjudges to be needful. Care to take the trouble, omit the whites of the eggs, pound the yolks into a paste, work in melted butter, a pinch of mustard, pepper and salt, and bind with the yolk of a raw egg. Flour to small balls and drop into the boiling soup. Simmer three minutes after they are in.

The Parents' Corner

BEING a young mother, I want to ask you about my little baby. She is seven months old and had always been good, but has recently taken a great fancy for me, and cries for me. I have my housework to do, and cannot hold her all the time. Now should I try to do this, or will it injure her in any way to cry for a while? She has always been quite strong.

Patience awaiting an answer.

MRS. H. F.

Upon your action at this juncture depend the baby's comfort and yours for months to come. It is a proverb that an infant who has had no other nurse than the mother is always a spoiled child. The children of the uneducated poor are almost invariably unruly and exacting of the mother's attention. This fact has been forced upon my notice during district-visiting and other rounds of the homes of this class. Where one baby is trained to lie still in his crib, or, if older, to sit quietly upon the floor, or in a chair, and amuse itself with its playthings, ten cry to be in the mother's arms or tug at her skirts, demanding notice and care every waking hour.

A common complaint is—"It's little work of any kind I can do with a baby in my arms or at my heels all day long!"

"Cannot he sit alone?" I asked of one haggard little mother, who seemed actually proud to bend under the weight of a fat, lumpish boy.

"Indeed he can!" proudly. "But he'll not be quiet one minute when he is out of my arms. He'll scream himself black in the face when he's put down. It's easier to hold him."

It is hurtful to you and injurious to your baby to dandle her continually. She will grow better and be the healthier for not being held by anybody. If she rebels when you have made her comfortable upon the bed or in the easy-chair, and given her something to play with, keep Solomon's injunction in mind, and let not your soul spare for her crying. She will soon learn that this sort of vocal exercise does not gain anything for her and accommodate her small ladyship to the situation. By now she should be trained to lie quietly in her crib after she has been put down for her mid-day nap, or her nightly slumbers, and to stop crying at other times when you tell her to stop. Young as she is, she has a perfect understanding as to who is mistress in the house. Let there be no mistake in her mind as to your right to rule her and your determination to hold that sway.

FATHER has a question to ask which I refer to others who are interested in the home aquarium. One of the prettiest and most interesting ornaments a house can have, by the way! It is quite possible to keep certain small fish, eels, newts and the like all winter in an aquarium properly constructed and intelligently managed.

Summer at the seashore may be made a delightful study of marine life by means of an aquarium, a net, a pail and rambles at low tide among the wharves and jetties. My boys, aged 14 and 17, have collected many curious fishes and plants about which they experience great difficulty in getting practical information. In their behalf, and in the interest of other boys and girls with similar desires, I write to ask if there is a handy, practical manual that will tell them the names and habits of animal and vegetable life at the New Jersey seashore.

MARINE AQUARIUM.

I AM A young girl just 17. My mother died a little over a year ago. I keep house for my father; he treats me lovely in every respect; gives me a good home, good clothes, takes me to the theatre and to parties, and just thinks the world of me. He stays at home every evening after work and tries to make things pleasant for me. I have fallen in love with a young man 21 years old. He loves me and he wants to marry me. Now, my father does not know anything about this affair of mine, and expects me to tell him all my little troubles. Do you think it is right to run away and marry this young man without telling my father? Please be kind enough and advise me which you think I ought to do. Do you think it sensible of me to marry, or not?

M. S.

It is hardly putting the case too strongly to say that once in five thousand times is it "sensible" for a girl of 17 to marry a boy of 21. For you to marry this particular boy who is capable of persuading you to carry on a clandestine courtship, deceiving grossly such a father as you describe, and to tempt you to disgrace yourself and break a trusting parent's heart by a runaway marriage would be the extreme of wicked folly.

I marvel, in reading your story of your widowed father's devotion to you, how you could set down, one by one, the particulars of his behavior toward you, of whom he "thinks the world," and pass on, unconcerned, to tell how basely you are repaying his devotion. Either there is something abnormal in your make-up or your best feelings and principles have been fearfully warped by association with your lover.

How has it happened that your father "knows nothing of this affair" of yours? If he stays at home every evening to "make things pleasant for you," where do you meet the accomplice in the evil work of making things so unpleasant for your only parent that he will be ready to turn his face to the wall and die when he learns the depth of your perfidy and ingratitude? You would seem to have as little regard for your reputation as for the deceived father's feelings. All this is low! I cannot attain unto it!

This is rough talk, you say? I can neither speak nor think gentle things with the facts in the sad case before me, as you have given them. If I could command language that could awaken you to a sense of what you are doing, what you are losing and what misery you are bringing upon yourself, I should not hesitate to use it, were it ten times as severe as that which reaches, all too feebly, the indignant contempt for you and your savior—the deep pity for your noble father, which every reader of your story must feel.

ANOTHER one of your faithful readers would like to ask a couple of questions: 1. On my baby's red-elderdown coat is a muddy stain. Can it be taken off by some way instead of washing it, as it is just new? 2. Also how can I get a rust stain off a fancy piece of linen?

MRS. A. H. D.

1. Sponge with alcohol, carefully, then with warm water and alcohol, half-and-half; lastly, rub dry with a soft cloth and raise the nap by holding over boiling water.

2. Make a paste of salt and lemon juice, and apply. Leave on for several hours, wash with soft water and renew application if necessary.

KINDLY inform me through your columns in which of George McDonald's works I may find the poem beginning with this line:

"Where did you come from, baby dear?"

A. M.

The exquisite nursery classic, beginning:

"Where did you come from, baby dear!

Out of the everywhere into here—"

is a song in that weird fascinating story, beloved of mothers and children a quarter century ago, "At the Back of the North Wind." The song occurs in Chapter 33. The closing lines are:

"How did they all just come to be you?"

"God thought about me, and so I grew!"

DISEASE IS OFTEN BENEFICIAL

IN an address before the students at University College, Liverpool, England, Sir Frederick Treves has made the somewhat novel assertion that disease is often beneficial. He said in part: "The old physicians regarded every symptom of disease as being of necessity wholly noxious and as needing to be stamped out. If the patient vomited, the vomiting must be stopped; if he coughed, the cough must be made to cease; if he failed to take food, he must be made to eat. To the modern physician, however, things appear in a very different manner. To them there is nothing preternatural about disease. Modern pathology teaches that the so-called symptoms of tuberculosis do but represent a valiant attempt on the part of the body to repair an accident, such accident being the entrance of a parasite into the tissues. 'Take, again, an inflammation following a septic wound of a finger. The disease, so called, is distressing enough, but the manifestations are no more outcome of a malign purpose. They are well intended, and have for their object the protection of the body from further parasitic invasions and the elimination of such septic matter as may have been already introduced; and so on. 'Even the much-dreaded peritonitis, which to surgeons of the past appeared as the very hand of fate—an impending horror spreading only disaster and death—is now recognized as the operating surgeon's best friend. Types have changed; our views have altered; and we must no longer fight disease in the old manner."